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Journey Seven

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Seeing, and hers were not hers, but our
Seeing was what we saw
Through the other's eyes.

I journey with strangers now.
The giants out there know there is no longer any love
In me so great it must move out and touch
Them, touch the world. Those old towers and I
Peer in each other's direction. True, we see
Something. What we see is
A dead world that stands,
A dead world that moves.

JOURNEY SEVEN

High above earth in this long exhalation of a plane
I keep thinking I can say goodbye to you.
There is nothing of you here. Nothing of what
You loved. Nothing of road, nothing of garden here.
Above: just sunlight as simple as cruelty.
Below: just cloud as devious as pity.

Or so I think until I see how the cloud bank
Is really a landscape where sunlight makes
Rainbows. I see white valleys whose
White streams flow into snow meadows
Where pearly cattle drift. I see pale
Mountains where ghostly eagles fly.
Clouds made from cloud arise.
And all that I apprehend is a spectral assonance.
Of earth's veriest shapes.

Sweetheart, peace, matter are but the iterant
Simulacra of whatever is prime.
That being so, you, too, are here,
Oh celestial nimbus of the terrene bride.

This universe affords, then, no place to say goodbye.
Only these innumerable places where I say hello.

The preceding poems are reprinted with permission of the publisher:
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SMALL YELLOW WASPS

When my hoe shifted their nest in the roots
Of a lilac they became, for a bit,
Pure will, a shower of perseids.

In another moment they had forgot
Me: I'd moved six feet away
To watch how they rose and fell
Above the nest, as if on poles
Of light. Then they forgot that, too,
And went on in their usual way
To do the things wasps do.

The last wasp is the first. Nothing to him
Is clear, nothing obscure.
Everything is ecstasy, everything oblivion
Non sequitur follows non sequitur.

In the wasp's side
Sleeps the forgotten bride.